

## THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY

## Mildred of the Mercenaries

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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James Curcio, newspaper man, and Daniel Haigh, club man, the latter a prisoner on board a lumbering steamer bound for Anahuac, where General Lazard, a mysterious Mr. Arthur, and his henchmen expect to stir up a revolution against the republic. On board the same steamer are held as prisoners Captain Hendry, of the Miramonte, and a young man, who joined the rebels in deposing the captain; and Norah Malone, daughter of the widowed President of the republic, who is in love with Haigh, who was seriously wounded in the fight that resulted in the imprisonment of the man in the island. While the mysterious Mr. Arthur is nursing Haigh, the reader learns that "she" is a woman, who decides to abandon the party when it touches Gulf shores for arms, and proceeds to Anahuac, where her feminine wiles on President Malone, Lazard and Curcio have been sworn enemies, she decides to use them to her advantage. Curcio, who Norah Malone is in love with, as Mr. Arthur, of course, Curcio demands an apology of a fight.

## CHAPTER XVI (Continued).

"Not even for that?" Mr. Arthur's eyes met Jimmy's unflinchingly. The young man's arm swung swiftly, and his open palm slapped upon Mr. Arthur's mouth with a crack like a pistol shot. There was an instant's silence, during which Norah's stateroom door opened softly and the girl gazed into the cabin, observing in either. Then she stepped down the companionway. "Do you want me, Arthur?" "No, keep out. I'll attend to this affair myself." "My breast rose and fell convulsively, and the hard, gray eyes blazed. Mrs. Lazard's voice was low, but betraying her sex. "You'll pay for that," she cried intensely. "At your service, sir," Curcio returned. With a quick movement she sprang backward, drawing her revolver. Jimmy jumped for her, his weapon still lay upon the table, and there was no time to get it. His only hope was to reach this before her. But Norah stepped in between the two. She placed a hand upon Jimmy's chest, checking his rush, and turned imploringly to Mrs. Lazard. "No, no," she begged. "Not that, not that." Curcio tried to evade her. "Stand aside," he said gently. "No," she repeated in an obstinate monotone. "No, no, not that." The woman paused, her gaze went dubiously from the man to the girl, and with a gesture as of final renunciation, she lowered the weapon. "I had," she said rapidly, "Senorita, I have an apology to offer you. I wronged you intentionally; I am sorry. Humility became me ill; in a moment her head bowed again. "Get back to your hole. We'll settle our affair at another time." "At your convenience, Senorita Malone, your humble servant." Jimmy turned and stalked stiffly away. But Mrs. Lazard's eyes were fixed upon the girl. "You forget something, senor," said this remarkable woman. "Pardon my coat." He resumed the garment. "Do you mean that?" he cried in genuine amazement. "Most assuredly." The magnificent magnanimity of the woman bewildered him; Mr. Arthur displayed incoherence which seemed almost feminine. "You are a man!" he cried at last, admiringly. "I begin to believe that myself," replied Mr. Arthur grimly. "I withdraw my words, sir, and I regret the blow." "Indeed? Believe me, senor, you will regret it to your dying day. Go, now—go!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

AT PRECISELY 11 o'clock in the morning Guayana shut up shop—literally, for not only are the shops closed and shuttered, but the business houses and government offices also. The lazy hour of the siesta approaches. The capital of Anahuac has risen with the sun, has been at its decks since the unearthly hour of seven, to provide time for the indispensable midday rest. After three or four hours of rest it will return to its affairs and take them up once more, reluctantly, perhaps, but refreshed. The stranger within the city's gates soon becomes acclimated to this siesta. Thereafter, he is no more willing to do without it, to have its sacred minutes encroached upon, than is the native. And to this rule the case of the Senora Adèle de Casades proved no exception. She had adopted the custom with exceeding grace—in keeping with the manner in which she did all things—although but for three short days a resident of the capital. The adorable senora knew well the value of sleep. She was not of the aggressive type, when one is apt to trifle with one's physical well-being. Moreover, rest is a marvelous rejuvenator, restoring well the only encroachments of cruel and those vices of years and experience. Her duenna, therefore, the Dona Inez, coming to awake her mistress at the hour of two, found the lady fast asleep and smiling slightly, sweetly in her dreams. She seemed to Dona Inez to be singularly youthful in appearance, dowered with the compelling magnetism of health and beauty. The bare arm upon which the senora pillowed her cheek was round and fine, and the white lace of her limbs whose outlines were scarcely concealed by the light negligee demanded by the heat, and permitted by the seclusion of her chamber. The senora was tired, but not unduly so. It was hardly conceivable that the firm, warm breast which rose and fell with the regular cadence of a quiet conscience, could harbor thoughts, desires, ambitions other than the most modest. The duenna admired her mistress. To be sure, she knew little of the senora. On the seventh day back the Senora Rojas—he who was reputed to be a young spirit in the councils of the revolutionary party—had come to her in her seclusion in San Diego. That seduction, by the way, had been marked by the distress of poverty; for since the days when she had served Guzman Blanco in Caracas, making a comfortable little fortune as a police spy, Dona Inez had been little occupied. Her fortune had dwindled until she had been reduced to the necessity of making her home with the family of her young nephew, a clerk in the custom-house at the port. Therefore, employment was quite a welcome prospect; and when the Senora Rojas had named a sum of magnitude as her consideration for becoming the companion of a certain senora, she took up her residence in Guayana, she lost no time in jumping at the proposal. Life had not yet lost its savor to the old woman. She thought that in Guayana, where it was always comfortable even upon the hottest days, existence would be very pleasant indeed—the more so that it promised to be seasoned with a spice of intrigue. Promised? More! It was an assurance, since Senora Rojas had left the name of the General Jose Maria Lazard; and where that buzzard hung poised there was the certainty of a carriage and a certain amount of money. Following upon the visit of Rojas, there had been days of great doings. The house in Guayana, a Paseo de la Independencia, close upon the Plaza de la Reforma—center of the city's life and gayety—had been rented and furnished with a magnificence which was as startling as was the celebrity with which it was accomplished under this indolence-inspiring southern sun. Dona Inez had been busy with the selection of

a staff of house servants who might be trusted to do the bidding of the lady, and a boy to attend the door, and even a coachman and groom; for had not horses of the finest and a landau been installed in the nearby livery stable, subject to the pleasure of the coming mistress? And then, upon the third day, the senora herself had come down the gangplank of the New Orleans boat, to be greeted effusively by Dona Inez; the careful attention made the trip from Guayana to San Diego for that express purpose. Bystanders gathered, from the old woman's incoherent cries of welcome, that the senora was the daughter of the duenna's long-lost niece. One of Dona Inez's most valued assets was her ability to impart misinformation by implication. The two had immediately retired to Guayana, and stayed quietly within doors for a time, until the senora should have recovered from the fatigue of her recent journey.

This day was the fourth since Dona Inez had met her mistress. Already there was action, and the Senora de Casades had ordered her landau to be at the door by 4 in the afternoon. She herself was to be awakened not later than 3. That denoted a lengthy and a careful one, which in turn meant that the senora contemplated a conquest. But of whom? Dona Inez felt somewhat injured that she had not been taken more fully into her mistress's confidence, but consoled herself with the thought that she would know all the time. She was to accompany the senora on her drive. The duenna started, suddenly becoming aware that her mistress was not open, and was watching her with amused condescension. "Why were you watching me, Inez?" inquired the senora. "It is time for you to rise, senora," Inez knew. But why? "Oh, yes, I have my thoughts, senora—an old woman's thoughts—" "Yes," interrupted the senora impatiently. She yawned leisurely. "My stockings, Inez—no, the silk ones." She began to dress, slowly and with a careful attention to detail. Her color was a matter of much moment; the senora was quite blonde—dazzling so in that land of dark-skinned people. She seated herself at a little dressing-table and lit a small alcohol lamp. "Rouge," she said thoughtfully, "rouge, my dear Inez, is an unknown art among your women." "As it should be with you," said the duenna. "Am I not?" "You do not need it, senora." "The senora held a little stick of dark pigment above the flame until it glowed with the heat. "So? A compliment, eh, Inez?" She pulled it to her eyebrows and lashed. "But you are mistaken. My lashes, for instance, are too thick; oh, too thick!" She was obliged to acquiesce. The senora's eyes, which were large and hard and cold, looked at the duenna. "And as for paint and powder, Inez, it needs but a touch here and there; rub in ever so softly, spreading about with your fingers, and before you know it, your hair is another matter. A wig is always difficult to dress." "Senora, your wig?" "Certainly, I said wig. Don't look so horrified; there's nothing criminal about a wig, especially if it is made of one's own hair. This is. She lifted from her head and set it before her on the table, twisting the long, light, shimmering tresses into a chignon. "It nearly broke my heart, Inez, to have it cut off; but it was unavoidable. I became a man for a while, and—"

"But were you not detected?" "Oh, yes; but it didn't make any difference. The disguise had served me for the time being. There! Is that all right, Inez?" She adjusted the wig and surveyed the result in the mirror. "Senora, the duenna raised protesting hands. "It is truly marvelous. Even I must never suspect it." "The wig, you say, your experience, Inez, it must be a perfect wig. It should be; it cost me a pretty penny. If one rights one must go properly armed, expensively. My dress, Inez! She shook herself into the folds of a sumptuous gown, which fitted and became her wonderfully well. It was not dark, neither was it light; not too quiet, nor yet showy. "And my parasol, Inez—the one with the chiffon lining; that shade agrees with me. And my gloves. I think I am all ready. Am I? Is anything wrong?" She shifted her eyes slowly before a pier-glass, inspecting herself critically. The duenna was no less exacting. She peered anxiously into the face of the senora.

"If I might suggest—" "What? Surely—go on." "You have overlooked, senora, one or two wrinkles." "The ravages of time!" Dona Inez deprecated. "Of course I have. You're not fool enough to think that I'd overdo it, are you, Inez? I don't pretend to be a spring chicken! Anything else?" "You are charming, senora!" The tribute was a belated one. "You see what art will do for forty—oh, yes, but I am almost! And so I have need to be charming. Well, come along, tell the coachman to drive slowly to what you call 'Paradise'." "Paradise?" The duenna could have been no more astonished had her mistress said "Purgatory."

"Certainly, no; that the name you call 'Camp Santo' (cemetery)."

"Assuredly, senora, but—"

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

## How to Prepare An Excellent Spicecake

One and a half cups of sugar, one and a half cups of sour milk, one cup of raisins, one-half cup of butter, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, and one-half teaspoonful of cloves. Method: Cream the butter, add sugar and cream again, mix and sift the dry ingredients, cut raisins and cloves into flour, add milk, then flour, until both are used. Add raisins and beat well. Bake in a well greased pan in a moderate oven about forty minutes.

## Apple Omelet.

Stew six large apples; beat very smooth with hot milk, add one tablespoonful of butter, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, a grating of nutmeg and half teaspoonful of rose extract. When quite cold add four eggs, beat the beaten yolks, then four beaten whites. Put in deep dish which has been warmed and buttered. Bake in moderate oven to a delicate brown.

## She Got Them.

At a lodge in Philadelphia a group of very old men, some with empty sleeves and some with empty trouser legs, were telling stories about Lincoln.

"My wife collected autographs," said one. "She once wrote to Lincoln for a sentiment and his autograph, and she got in reply a note that ran: 'Dear Madam—When you ask from a stranger that which is of interest only to yourself, always inclose a stamp. Your very sentiment, and here's your autograph. A. Lincoln.'"

LOCAL MENTION  
Like her: "I do not care for her, but I like her big dinners." E. H. Swann explains Sunday night Typographical Temple, 428 G St. N. W.

## Miss Louise Cromwell's Engagement To W. B. Brooks, Jr., to Be Announced

Wedding of January Debutante Expected to Be in June.

Mrs. Oliver Cromwell will announce tomorrow the engagement of her daughter, Miss Louise Cromwell, to Walter B. Brooks, Jr., of Baltimore. No definite date has been set for the wedding, but it is understood that it will take place early in June. This engagement is a particularly interesting one in the usual spring crop of engagements announced toward Easter time. Miss Cromwell, who made her debut in January at quite the most brilliant cotillon and ball of the year, given by her mother at Rauscher's, has been an acknowledged leader in the social functions of the National Capital. At the marriage of Miss Vivien Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, to Lord Decies, which took place in New York recently, Miss Cromwell was one of the bridesmaids, and at that time was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gould for about a week, participating in all the pre-nuptial entertainments. Prior to that, she went on to New York for a visit to Miss Gould at the time of the latter's debut, shortly before her engagement was announced. After the wedding Mrs. Cromwell and her daughter Decies and her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Wilkinson on the occasion of their visit to Washington before returning to England.

It is expected Mr. Brooks will take his bride for an European wedding trip, where they will be the guests of Lord and Lady Decies for the coronation. Mr. Brooks comes of a prominent Maryland family, and is identified with the most exclusive social circles in Baltimore. Miss Cromwell went over to Baltimore for a morning for a week-end visit to her fiancé's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, at their home, on Mt. Vernon place.

Arrangements for the ball to be given at the Navy Yard Easter Monday night by the Women's Army and Navy League for the benefit of the league are practically completed. The ladies in charge wish to make the emphatic announcement that it is not to be a costume ball, as of late years it seems to have gained considerable circulation. Commander A. L. Willard, U. S. N., is chairman of the floor committee, which includes Capt. Graham L. Johnson, U. S. A.; Capt. George Logan, U. S. A.; Major Delaney, U. S. A.; Colonel Richards, U. S. M. C.; Paymaster Schumann, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Briffart, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Hall, U. S. A.; Commander Pollock, U. S. N.; Mr. J. T. Hendrick, Jr., A. Paymaster Higgins, U. S. N.; Captain Gullik, U. S. M. C.; J. F. Archibald, Fred Guilford, William F. Hill, Lawrence Townsend, J. T. Hendrick, Jr., O'Laughlin, William F. Dennis, R. Ross Perry, Robert Stead, Jr., and H. M. Hurnham.

## Miss Burnham to Be Manchester Man's Bride.

Senator and Mrs. H. E. Burnham of New Hampshire announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edith Duncan Burnham, to Arthur Osborne Roberts, of Manchester, N. H. The wedding will probably take place some time in October.

Miss Sherrill went over to New York this morning for a week's visit to her mother and sister-in-law, the American Minister to Argentina and Mrs. Charles H. Sherrill, who have been spending the winter in New York home on leave of absence.

The military attaché of the Russian embassy, Col. Baron de Bode, and his sister, Baroness Elizabeth de Bode, were dinner guests last night. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Murray, U. S. A.; Brig. Gen. and Mrs. W. W. Wetherston, U. S. A.; the charge d'affaires, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Allen, U. S. A., and Miss Emory.

## Everybody's Question Box—Answers to Queries

Times Inquiry Department:  
Will you tell me through The Times whether Confucius lived in Savannah, Ga., in 1856 and 1861, is worth anything? I will appreciate such information greatly.

Confederate notes of the issue of 1861 in good condition are bought at highest market rates if of a certain issue. If you will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, I will give the address of a dealer in such notes.

Times Inquiry Department:  
Will you kindly tell me what they destroy moths when they get in furs? Very truly, Y.

First air the furs and beat them with a small rattan or wire furniture beater, after which go over them carefully with gasoline, which destroys the moths, if any remain. Pack them in camphor gum or cedar chips, which may be bought in small quantities in any drug store. Wrap them carefully in newspapers, for moths absolutely refuse to enter them. If you have a printer's ink. Now is the time to pack away your furs.

Times Inquiry Department:  
I would like to get information about the trade dollar. I have one of 1879, brand-new, never having been in circulation, to all appearances. When were they first issued? When were they called in or retired? Is it worth its face value in buying things? Will it redeem itself if I take it there? If not, what is it worth as silver? About how much would a collector give for it? I do not mean to trouble you, but I would like to know the dates when Congress ordered their issue, and discontinued. Very truly, NUNIS.

The trade dollar was first issued in 1873 for the purpose of stimulating commerce with the Orient, the popularity of the Mexican silver dollar having been the inspiration for such a movement. Over 20,000,000 of these dollars were minted, most of them being exported. In 1887 they were called in and exchanged for American dollars, after which the trade dollar was left to shift for itself, and it is now worth but 40 cents, though some coin collector may be found who will pay more for it. It contains 420 grains of silver, 900 fine.

Times Inquiry Department:  
Will you please tell me through The Inquiry Department what will make your feet smaller. Very truly, I STREET.

It is beyond ordinary human comprehension why anyone should want to improve upon nature by making one part of their body smaller than original. If you have been endowed with large feet, thank your lucky star that you are living in an age when large feet are the fashion, or at least as stylish as small ones. The athletic girl (I assume you are a girl, for a man would not ask such a question) is the girl of the period just at present. Large



MISS LOUISE CROMWELL, Leader of the Younger Set and January Debutante, Who Is Soon to Wed.

## Miss Tozier Is Hostess At Musical Tea Today

Miss Ethel Tozier is entertaining at a musical tea this afternoon at 3 o'clock at her residence on Kilbourne place, to present Miss Inez Demorest, Miss Mabel Sinclair, and Miss Ruth Fenton.

Mrs. George Demorest, soprano, will assist, and Mrs. G. W. Tozier, mother of the hostess, will preside at the tea table.

A wedding of great interest to Washington, which will take place in Newport, Monday afternoon, April 24, is that of Miss Marjorie Hobbs, daughter of Pay Director and Mrs. I. Goodwin Hobbs, U. S. N., and Ezra Gould, of this city.

The ceremony will be solemnized at 4 o'clock by the Rev. George R. Hazard, of Manchester, N. H., uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. William L. Essex, of Newport. Paymaster Franklin P. Williams, U. S. N., of the Washington Navy Yard, will act as best man for Mr. Gould, and there will be two ushers, Paymaster R. W. Schumann, son to the bride, and Mr. Arthur Murray, Yard, and Goodwin Hobbs, brother of the bride.

After a wedding trip abroad Mr. Gould and his bride will reside in Washington.

## Minister of Bolivia And Wife to Give Dinner.

The Minister of Bolivia and Mme. Calderon have cards out for a dinner Tuesday evening, April 18.

Will you please inform me through your columns if there will be a ballet with the French Opera Company coming to the Belasco Theater, and if they will dance in the new building? Will you also inform me also which two of the listed operas is the most popular with the public; also whether they will give a performance of the same. Indeed, you will confer a favor if you would publish a sketch of the kind of music each company performs. The French Opera Company, and there will be dancing in all of the operas. The question of the relative popularity of the operas to be

## COFFEE HEART Very Plain in Some People.

A great many people go on suffering from annoying ailments for a long time before they can get their own consent to give up the indulgence from which their trouble arises.

A gentleman in Brooklyn describes his experience, as follows: "I became satisfied some months ago that I owed the palpitation of the heart from which I suffered almost daily, to the use of coffee. (I had been a coffee drinker for 30 years) but I found it very hard to give up the beverage.

"One day I ran across a very sensible and straightforward presentation of the claims of Postum, and was so impressed by the facts that I concluded to give it a trial.

"My experience with it was unsatisfactory till I learned how it ought to be prepared—by thorough boiling for not less than 15 or 20 minutes. After I learned that lesson there was no trouble. I prepared Postum in this way, and I found it produced a most palatable and satisfactory hot beverage, and I have used it ever since.

"The effect on my health has been most salutary. The heart palpitation from which I used to suffer so much, particularly after breakfast, has disappeared and I never have a return of it except when I dine or lunch away from home and drink the old kind of coffee because Postum is not served. I find that Postum cheers and invigorates while it produces no harmful stimulation. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"Ten days' trial proves an eye opener to many. Read the little book, 'The Road to Wellville,' in pink. 'The Reason.' Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## President and Mrs. Taft Give Third of Lenten Musicales.

The President and Mrs. Taft were hosts last night at the third in the series of musicales arranged by Mrs. Taft for the Lenten season. A dinner preceded the musicale, additional guests to the number of 500 coming in afterward.

Joseph Hofmann, pianist, was the artist of the evening, his program including: Chopin—Andante Spianato at Grande Polonaise, Nocturne, E flat major, Valse, A flat major, Polonaise, A flat major, Scriabine—Poeme.

Rachmaninoff—Prelude, G minor. Liszt—Tabatiere a Musique. Liszt—Rhapsodie, No. 2.

## Archaeologists Guests Of Mrs. F. B. Moran.

Mrs. F. B. Moran, assisted by her two daughters, Miss John M. Hudgins and Mrs. Malcolm McConnell, entertained the Archaeological Institute of America, at her residence on Sheridan circle last night.

Prof. William Fenwick Harris, of Cambridge, Mass., president of the Archaeological Society of Boston, delivered an exceedingly interesting lecture on the Greek Theater and the Greek Drama. A buffet supper was served at the conclusion of the lecture.

The officers of the Washington Wellesley Club will be at home informally for the last time this season with the club president, Mrs. Davis, at the Westmoreland, Monday afternoon, April 10. Plans will be discussed for the annual spring luncheon May 6.

## General Greely and Wife Entertain at Dinner.

Mal. Gen. and Mrs. A. W. Greely, U. S. A., entertained at dinner last night at their home on 17th street, in honor of Sir John and Lady Murray.

Mrs. Richard Townsend was hostess at an informal dinner last night.

The Minister of Switzerland and Mme. Ritter will entertain at dinner tonight at thelegation.

The Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission and Mrs. McChord were the guests in honor of whom Mr. and Mrs. William F. Dennis entertained informally at dinner last night.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Boardman have returned to Washington after spending the winter in the South, principally in Georgia.

Mrs. A. Burnstein has as her guest Miss Florence Rothwell, of New York.

Mrs. H. Saks, of New York, is visiting Mrs. Aaron Jackson, of this city.

Miss Helen Berkman, of Seattle, Wash., who has been the guest of Miss Gustie Hanlin, has returned to New York, where she is attending the Benjamin Dean School.

Mrs. Morton Leach, entertained at bridge at her home in Fifth street yesterday. Her guests were Mrs. Edgar Kaufman, Mrs. Wallace Luchs, Mrs. Harold Lewis, Mrs. C. Mayer, Mrs. Goldsmith Sigmund, Mrs. Julian Brylawski, and Mrs. Ernest Damman.

Mr. and Mrs. Larric Goldberg, who were recently married in New York, are spending their honeymoon in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Gers Helprin have returned to their home in this city, after spending the past few weeks in Atlantic City.

Miss Gladys Block and Miss Evelyn Sampier, who have been visiting in Scranton and Rochester, have returned to the city.

Jerome Fischel, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Fischel, has resumed his studies at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.

## FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME.

## The Sandman's Stories

JACK RABBIT GETS WELL.

JACK RABBIT continued to improve after Mister Fox came to visit him in his burrow, but he was still rather weak on the morning when he started for the first time since his illness to visit the fox in his home on the hill. As he started out he thought again of the last lesson that the fox had taught him and said to himself: "This walk is not going to be half so hard as it seems if only I keep up my courage."

Jack Rabbit had thought many times of the lesson that he had been well shown by the fox when he walked through the spider's web after the beetle and the bumble bee had failed. And, drawing back his arm, he flung it, and while he was still a long way off saw him coming and ran down to meet him.

"Well, well," said the fox, "I am certainly glad to see you and looking so well, too. One would scarcely think that you had been ill at all. I hope that the walk has not tired you too much."

When they got to the door of the fox's house, Jack Rabbit said: "I cannot understand how you did it, for I know that you must be tired, and perhaps a bite of something to eat will refresh you a little."

The fox was thinking of the meal of green vegetables which the rabbit had set out for him, and he was almost inclined to offer the rabbit nothing to eat except the meat of a fat turkey, which had been missing for some days from a neighboring roost.

"But," said the fox to himself, "that would be an unkind thing to do to the rabbit since he has been ill, and I suppose he forgot the other day that foxes do not eat green vegetables."

So instead of the turkey he brought out some green pea pods which he had gathered the day before, and the rabbit, though he had never tasted anything more delicious.

"They are the finest I ever ate," he said to the fox as he finished the last of them, "and it was exceedingly kind of you to be so thoughtful."

They sat and gossiped the news of the wood for an hour or so before Jack Rabbit rising, said: "Well, I think that it is about time I was going, for the walk home is a pretty long one, and I have not been home slowly. I shall have plenty of time to think over whatever bit of wisdom you have to give me, my way home, although I may not be so fortunate as to see any application of the lesson."

"I would not overdo," said the fox, "and you had perhaps better take two or three days to apply the lesson. I am about to tell you that there are a great many men and a great many animals who are never happy, and, for the most part, they are themselves to blame for they have not learned the lesson that contentment with what we have is the greatest source of happiness."

"That, then, is the lesson I am to take," said the rabbit, "and I am sure your children will appreciate it."

And then as he walked away Jack Rabbit said to himself: "How could I have found a better application of the wisdom that Mr. Fox told me yesterday when he said that contentment with what we have is the greatest source of happiness."

Set a can of salmon in a saucepan of boiling water over the fire and let simmer fifteen to twenty minutes. Open can close to the edge, and after draining off liquid turn the fish on to the center of a serving dish. Surround with potatoes cut in lengthwise quarters or balls, cooked tender and drained. Garnish with quarters of hard-boiled eggs. Serve with egg sauce, in a sauceboat, rather than covered with it.

Hot Salmon.

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